THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys and Girls Department

Rules for Young Writers. 1. Write plainly on one side of the per only and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will given preference. Do not use over Original stories or letters only will be used.

5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the

atory.

Address all communications to Un-cle Jed, Bulletin OEce.

"Whatever you are—Be that; Whatever you say—Be true. Straightforwardly act. Be honest-in fact, Be nobody else but you."

POETRY.

The Household Fairy.

Have you heard of the household fairy Who keeps the home so bright and Who enters the rooms of boys and girls, And finds lost marbles or smooths out

curls? Who mends the rent in a girlle's frock, Or darns the hole in a tomboy's sock?
If you don't believe it is true, I say
You may search and find her this very In your home.

You must not look for a maiden dair, With starry eyes and golden hair; Her hair may be threaded with silver Eut one glance of her eyes drives care

away, And the touch of her hand is so soft and light and light
When it smooths out a place for your
head at night.
If you know of some one just like this,
My household fairy you cannot miss—

It's Mother, -Alice B. Huling.

You and I.

Now don't you think it's puzzling That "you" are sometimes "me," And both of us quite other folks, Called "they," may often be?

When I mean me than I say "I," Then why do you say "you?"

And if I'm "I," then tell me please,
How you can be "I," too?

If "T" am "you," and "we" are "they,"
Then who is which or what?
If "mine" means "yours" and "theirs"
is "ours," Then whose is all the lot?

It is a dreadful puzzle! How shocking it will be, If "yours" does not belong to "you," Nor "mine" belong to "me!"

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

wonder whether you have decided to be "Eyes" or "No Eyes" in life? It pays to be "Eyes," but you can get along and be "No Eyes."

Perhaps you have never yet awakened to the truth that "there are people who having eyes see not and having ears hear not."

Do not think this means those who are born blind or deaf, for it does not. It means that those who have their sight increased by knowledge have sharp eyes, while those who have the

How to Make Better Cough Syrup than You Can Buy

A Family Supply, Saving \$2 and Fully Guaranteed.

A full pint of cough syrup—as much as you could buy for \$2.50—can easily be made at home. You will find nothing that takes hold of an obstinate cough more quickly, usually ending it inside of 24 hours. Excellent, too, for croup, whooping cough, sore lungs, asthma, hourseness and other throat troubles. Mix one pint of granulated sugar with 1/2 pint of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 21/2 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle, then add the Sugar Syrup. It keeps perfectly. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

three hours.

This is just laxative enough to help cure a cough. Also stimulates the appetite, which is usually upset by a cough. The taste is pleasant.

The effect of pine and sugar syrup on the inflamed membranes is well known. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in guaiacol and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

The Pinex and Sugar Syrup recipe is

The Pinex and Sugar Syrup recipe is now used by thousands of housewives throughout the United States and Canada. The plan has been imitated, but the old successful formula has never been equaled.

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

sight dulled by ignorance might just as well have no eyes.

The brain is in business with the eyes, and if it is recognized as a partner it will constantly aid the eyes in seeing more and more, while it gets more and more knowledge.

The earth and the rocks and the plants and the insects and all things created talk to "Eyes," but they are only objects of ordinary interest to 'No Eyes."

"Eyes" look not only at the object but for the why and the wherefore, and when the brain holds the why and the wherefore the eyes ever after see all instead of part.

The difference between "Eyes" and "No Eyes" is really the difference be-tween the places in life men occupy. "Eyes" gets the cream of life and "No Eyes" catch what they can.

The Wide-Awakes should all resolve to be Eyes.

PRIZE BOOK WINNERS.

1-Horatio Bigelow, Jr., of Nerwich,

2-Harry Cookson of Centerville, L., "Brave Tom," by Edward S. Ellis. 3-Hannah McVeigh of Norwich, "The Harmon Girls," by Mrs. L. T. Meade.

4—Jessie Brehant of Locus Valley, L., "The Odds and the Evens," by Mrs. T. Meade,

5-Irene Godhue of Scotland, "Ander-sen's Falry Tales."

6-Hazel Howard of Norwich, "Their Little Mother," by Mrs. L. T. Meade, 7-Madeline Tucker of Columbia, "The Rebel of the School," by Mrs. L. T. Meade.

8-Joseph Keenan (send in address), "The Young Conductor," by Edward

Prize book winners flying in Norwich may call for their books at The Bulletin business office any hour after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE AWAKES.

My School and Home. I live at Centerville, R. I. I go to the Centerville grammar school. It is about five minutes' walk -from my

I start for school about quarter of 9 o'clock in the morning.

I live a half mile from Arctic Center.

I go up there to get things for my mother.

There are four rooms in my school. I am in the third room. There are nine windows in my room. There are thirteen blackboards, too. I am in the thirteen blackboards, too. I am in the sixth grade There are forty-two scholars in my room. I have a little sister who goes to the same school.

I have a room of my own at home where I keep all of my things. I am a Boy Scout of America. I have a rifle, a lasso and an Indian bow.

I have a friend who also has a rifle, and when I was up to his house we shot a bees next all to pieces.

He was down to my house last Friday and went home Sunday.

HARRY COOKSON, Age 12.

Centerville, R. L.

Centerville, R. L.

poor little boy of his size asked him to play marbles. He turned around and said:

"He would play with no boy of such a low class," and he walked away. The poor little boy said nothing, but went to play with someone else.

One day Ned got thrown down by a horse and the poor little boy picked him up and took him home. Ned was very grateful and after tat he was not so proud a boy, EUGENIE ROULEAU, Age 11.

Little Dorothy.

Once upon a time there was a little girl. Her name was Dorothy. Her mother was poor, because her father was a drunkard and wasted all the money he earned. The little girl car-ried dinners to her father and then to

money.

Her father saw the money, and that night when Dorothy went to bed she heard a noise down stairs. She crept down the stairs and saw her father with some other men getting her money out of the bank. She knew where her father kept his gun and went to get it.

When her father was just about to get the money she ran into the room.

get the money she ran into the room and made him hold his hands up. Then she made the other men go out.

The little girl told her father it was bad to drink, and after a while he stopped drinking. He then kept steadily at his work and became rich. He and his wife afterwards liked to talk about Dorothy, who had changed their fortunes so much CONNIE RIDGEWAY, Age 9.

My Pet Banty Hen and Rooster. I had two bantys to start with.

month when the viewing the ruins of the pony cart. He was not hurt, but much fright-

had them about one month when the little hen began to lay eggs.

I sold six eggs to a little girl. Then I saved some for the hen to set on. She came off with seven chickens. She was very proud of her little brood.

About six weeks later the rooster took the little brood and brought them up. He'd hover them every night. He taught them how to fly in the trees and how to roost, just as a hen should. The hen set again and hatched nine little chickens.

The rooster would have taken care

The rooster would have taken care of them, but the hen would not let

Norwich

him.

When they grow up they are very pretty. The hens are buff color with brown necks. The roosters are green and red, with a big green tail. The hen has two little checkens now.

HAZEL L. HOWARD, Age 13.

"Why Jim," she said, "that is no place for a big cat like you, why don't you stay in your basket?"

Then she took something from a little shawl and put it on the floor beside lim

"This is little Shadow and you must he very good to him."

He looked up and there he saw a little kitten just like himself, only small, even to the white spot on the neck, Jim did not think much of having another cat in the house, and just like himself, too, but Shadow mewed softly and put one little black paw on Jim's great big one and said in cat talk:

a smaller one, but still each was as nice and as brown as the first.

At last she took a piece of dough only as big as the head of a pin, yet even this looked as brown and fine as the others.

Then the old lady put all the cakes on the shelf and offered the old man a dry crust of bread.

But the poor man only looked at her and before the old woman could wink her eye, he was gone.

Jim still was not quite sure whether he liked this kitten or not. But when night came Shadow lay on Jim's big paw with the other around its neck and both were asleep.

'Fim sure they will get along 'all right together," said Ruth to her mother that night, and they did.

Even Jim got to thinking so much of Shadow that one morning he came and dropped a little baby mouse at the kitten's feet and that surely showed they were friends.

MADELEINE TUCKER Age 14

MADELEINE TUCKER, Age 14.

Our First Skunk.

One day when we were up in the woods we discovered a skunk hole.

We set a trap this way: First we dug a small hole in the ground and put our trap in ij. We covered it with some light dirt and then fastened it to a stake driven in the ground. We set about six traps in the same way. about six traps in the same way.

We went up there every day. After we had had our traps there about two

weeks we caught him.

We had on good clothes then, so we came home to put on old ones. When we went back the skunk was gone. He had pulled his leg out of the trap.

We set the traps again, then went home discussed. ome disgusted.

We kept on going up there regular, and in a few weeks more we had This time we climbed up in back of

tim and pelted him with stones and bit him with clubs till he was dead. Then we pulled him out of the hole and rought him home and skinned him.

We sold him that day and were surprised at all the money we got for him. HORATIO BIGELOW, JR., Age 10.

I Like to Go to School. I thought I would write and tell

A Noble Revenge.

Ned was a little boy of eight. His father was a wealthy merchant.

Ned was a very proud little boy. He would go with nobody but those who would go with nobody but those who would like him.

fourth grade.

mar, word study, music, spelling, reading, arithmetic and geography.

There are twelve scholars in my class, I have a mile to walk. I live on the side of the mountain.

I like to read the wide-wake letters in The Bulletin,
HOWARD WELDEN, Age 16. Willimantic

The Accident.

One pleasant afterneon Donald and Mildred asked their mother if they might go for a little drive. She con-sented and soon they were on their

"Wasn't mother good to let us go driving?" asked Donald. Mildred had no time to answer him Mildred had no time to answer him for at that moment an automobile came whipping around a corner, and before Donald could turn out the auto had struck the pony cart. The children were thrown out and the frightened pony was running across the fields toward home.

By this time the auto had stopped and the two ladies who were in it came to see if the children were hurt.

Mildred was crying, but more from the same size and the same size and the same size and the came to see if the children were hurt.

Mildred was crying, but more from the same paste is dry lap the four little hearts with points touching the paste to gether. This will male it four leaved clover form; then will small arrow and do the following letters; "Good luck to my valentine."

Another pretty valentine sicture white heart will make the back of the came to see if the children were hurt.

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Another pretty valentine sicture while heart will make the same size and the provide clover form; then will small arrow and do the following letters; "Good luck to my valentine."

ing Cloak,
"I shall have to explain," answered

He was not hurr, but much frightened.

The ladies were very sorry about
the accident and said that the chauffeur must have been extremely careless to have done it. They took the
children home in the auto.

Their mother was very glad to see
them for she had been much frightened when the pony had come home
alone. She never let them go out
alone again.

alone again. ETHEL MAE DAVIS, Age 14.

When they grow up they are very pretty. The hens are buff color with brown necks. The roosters are green and red, with a big green tail. The hen has two little checkens now.

HAZEL L. HOWARD, Age 13.

Norwich.

Black Jim and Shadow.

It is a said thing to tell, but the lady had grown selish as the years went by. People said this was because she lived alone, and thought of no one but herself.

One morning, as she was baking cakes, a tired, hungry old man came to wash the little white spot on his throat, the only white on his whole black body.

These few white hairs were his pride and he washed them often so they would be as white as could be.

As he sai there Little Ruth, his mistress, came in and nearly stumbled over him.

"Why Jim," she said, "that is no place for a big cat like you, why don't you stay in your basket?"

Then she took something from a little shawl and nut it on the floor.

The Origin of The Woodpecker.

There was an old lady who lived on a hill. She was very small, and she always wore a black dress and a large white apron with big bows behind. On her head she wore the queer-est little red bonnet you ever saw.

It is a said thing to tell, but the lady had grown selish as the years went by. People said this was because she lived alone, and thought of no one but herself.

One morning, as she was baking cakes, a tired, hungry old man came to her door.

"My good woman," said he, "will you give me one of your cakes? I am very hungry. I have no money to pay for it, but whatever you wish for, you shall have."

Then the old lady who lived on a hill. She was and a large white apron with big bows behind. On her head she wore the queer-est little red bonnet you ever saw.

It is a said thing to tell, but the lady had grown selish as the years went by. People said this was because she lived alone, and thought of no one but herself.

One morning, as she was baking cakes, a tired, hungry old man came to her door.

"My g The Origin of The Woodpecker.

too nice and brown for a beggar. So she baked a smaller one, and then a smaller one, but still each was as

in s great big one and said in cat lak:

"Please be good to me. I have lost y mother and have come here to be with you and Ruth."

Jim still was not quite sure whether be liked this kitten or not. But when ght came Shadow lay on Jim's big law with the other record."

"Oh. I wish I were a bird," said she, I would fly to him with the largest cake on the shelf."

As she spoke she felt herself grow-ing smaller and smaller, until the wind picked her up and carried her up the When she came out, she still had on

when she came out, she still had on her red bonnet end black dress. You could still see her large, white apron with the big bows behind. But she was no longer an old lady, but a pird, just as she had wished to be. But she was a wise bird, and began to pick her food out of the hard wood f a tree. And people after a while, when they

saw her at work, named her the red-headed woodpecker. FREDERICK MEYER, Age 13, Taftville.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

The Bees. Dear Uncle Jed: One day when I was out hunting in the woods with one of my friends I saw a large bees' nest hanging on a limb of a tree.

When we got ready to come home I climbed up the tree and took it down and I took it home.

I put it in a room where it was warm, and didn't know there were any bees in it. Dear Uncle Jed: One day when

bees in it.

I went outdoors and when I came in I went to get the nest and show it cut a rather large oblong—one that swarm of bees came out of it. Then he told me to burn it up, so I did. When it was nearly all burned up I saw a lot of them, but they were dead.

OTIS CONRAD, Age 12.

(Guess you had a wasp's nest.-Uncle Jed.)

I have history, gram-I have history, gram-udy, music, spelling, tions that might help some of the Wide

Brom a sheet of stiff white paper cut a rather large oblong one that measures three by five inches would be all right. Then cut from scarlet be all right. Then cut from scarlet paper a heart measuring two and one-half inches from top to bottom. Paste heart at the end of the oblong and then put a small white heart in the center of the large red one. Print at end or bottom of card. "To My Valentine," and on the other side of card print: "No matter what you do or say, you cannot rule me the wrong way." This makes a pretty valentine. For another valentine: Cut four stiff white hearts, Cover with gold paper and when paste is dry lap the four little hearts with points touching.

four little hearts with points touching then paste together. This will make it four-leaved clover form; then with

was a drunkard and wasted all the money he carned. The little girl carried dinners to her father and then to another man, who gave her 25 cents a week.

Her father did not know this, but one day he stayed at home. This day was Friday, when the girl got the money.

Her father did not know this, but one day he stayed at home. This day was Friday, when the girl got the money.

Her father did not know this, but one day he stayed at home. This day was Friday, when the girl got the money.

Her father did not know this, but one day he stayed at home. This day was sitting on the ground with gilt paper, and a heart-shaped with gilt paper, and a heart-shaped

SUNNY DAYS IN INSECTVILLE

The Gossiping Butterflies

(Copyrighte 4

Written for the Wide-Awake Circle. | Mrs. Mourning Cloak. "Then you do

It was a cool day in April. The willows had yellowed and put forth their catkins, the woods were half hidden in the haze of spring, and here the survived or not?"

"It would take a right smart fellow to tell anything like that," said here "but he had planned to do a lot of business with me around the maple and other frages this spring so I may run

and there a violet was in bloom in a warm and sheltered spot. The odor of fallow land was in the air, and the birds were chanting happy roundelays. It was the kind of a day the butterflies that have wintered in the shrubbery with the control of t

A Royal Food

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It contains all the vitality of malt and hops and all the tonic properties of Hypophosphites of Iron and Lime.

Will hot upset the weakest stomach—and pleasant to take-a Royal Food for every member of the family.

Collier's Weekly, in its Issue of September 2, 1911, published an article entitled. "Here Are Foods That Are Pure," by Margaret Wagner. There was printed in this article "A List From Which Housewives May Choose Without Doubt or Hesitancy." State Normal School at Westfield, Massachusetts, under the dire tion of Professor Lewis B, Allyn. KING'S PUREMALT is mentioned among the food products of absolute pure quality.

KING'S PUREMALT is sold at all drug stores and in strict conformity with the Pure Food and Drug Act of June 20, 1906. Send for prices to your druggist or to us.

King's Furemait Department, 36-38 Hawley St., Boston



opening is cut to hold the picture. Join back and front by pasting edges. On the inside heart paint the

BENALT

'For your picture's frame
'Twill surely do—
And, like my heart,
Be full of you'

I hope some of the Wide Awakes
ill make some of these valentines
in then report. and then report. /HANNAH L. M'VEIGH, Age 14.

My Schoolhouse.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you about my school-My schoolhouse burned down October 17, 1912, and so I have to go to school in the Parish house.

I have a mile to go to school.
I study reading, language, arithmetic, geography, history and spell-

My teacher's name is Miss Hollowell. I am down stairs. There is about 48 children in my room. (I am in the 3 grade.) My sister is upstairs, and her teacher's name is Miss Mullen, and there is about 40 children in her room. She

the first class. VINCENT F. WATERS, Age 9. How to Make a Pen Wiper.

Home-Made Valentines.

Dear Uncle Jed: Valentine's day is coming and we'll soon have to begin to make our valentines.

I thought I would send a few direction.

How to Make a Pen Wiser.

Dear Uncle Jed: Most all of our young Wide-Awakes are all little schoolchildren and need many little with a spade which we brought utensits for school. I think the most useful thing is a pen wiper.

I thought I would send a few direction of the company of They are very simple and most of us know how to make them.

But I received one for a present from one of the little friends at Christ-

mas so I thought I would write and tell you how it was made. A pen wiper may be of any shape, but this one was that of a bell. The coverings were of red velvet, and several pieces of white linen cloth for the wipers. At the top was a bunch of red baby ribbon tied in a very

pretty bow. This proved a very profitable present, and I was very pleased with it,
JENNIE M'SHEFFEY, Age 13.

The Fex and the Woodman. Dear Uncle Jed: A weedman con-sented to hide a fex pursued by hunt-ers. The hunters asked where the fox

The man said he did not know, but e pointed toward the hiding place. • The fox, escaping, said: "If your finger were as honest as your tongue, I would thank you."

JOHN M. MEYER, Age 9.

Taftville.

Noble Trees.

Dear Uncle Jed: We have a yard of five elm trees. One of the trees is ten feet and four inches in circum-ference. Another eight feet and two inches. Another fourteen feet and six inches around it. Another five feet and 7 inches, and one more eleven feet One of the trees out in the front yard is twenty-five years old, and an-other one in the front yard, people say

HARLES HENRY PERRY, Age 10.

He Likes to Read Books. Dear Uncle Jed. I am going to school and I am in the sixth grade. We have to study hard or else we will miss our

After school I do my chores and go

to the store for my mother.

I like to read books.

I think the High School series are good. I think Irving Hancock writes good books, and I thank you for the book you sent me. FRED KILPATRICK, Age 12.

Cur Farm.

trees, do you. Said Mr. "We like the elms to do business with better."

"We like the elms to do business with better."

"But what a rabble there is in the look upon the departing ice and snow.

Mrs. Mourning Cloak and Mr. Grapta
Coma met in an open lot, and after a social dance in the air they flew to a low, sunny fence rail for a little chat, as cousins will. You could see that they were glad to see one another, for they touched horns and courtesied as polite butterflies do when they are feeling happy and friendly.

It rees, do you. Said Mr. "We like the elms to do business with better."

"But what a rabble there is in the left observed Mrs. Mourning Cloak, "and the children of those alien beetles run over everything and everybody."

"Our folks have abandoned the old trees, you know, for we find the young elm shrub very much sweeter," said Mr. Grapta Coma, "and less visited by our enemies."

"I do not see why the Robin family delight in eating up our young ones, and the children of those alien beetles run over everything and everybody."

"Our folks have abandoned the old trees, you know, for we find the young elm shrub very much sweeter," said our enemies."

"I do not see why the Robin family delight in eating up our young ones, and the children of those alien beetles run over everything and everybody." Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write you another letter about our father owns a farm of 165 acres He has 13 cows, 2 horses and 18 sheep. We have a United States cream sep-arator, and we send the cream to the feeling happy and friendly.

"How have you been all winter?" inquired Mr. Grapta Coma of Mrs. Mourning Cloak.

"Passed a real comfortable winter in a pine tree," replied Mrs. Mourning Cloak, "altho' I must say I have had a few noisy neighbors. I do not see why the owls hoot so at night, and the jays holler so by day."

"It is because they belong to noisy familles, I guess," remarked Mr. Grapta Coma, "and have considered like cannibals."

"The Bluebird family do not warble so well as the Robins," said Mrs. Mourning Cloak, "but they gobble our children in a fiendish way."

"Men call them protectors of the trees," commented Mr. Grapta Coma, "and exhibit us because of our beauty." "They collect us, and set us on pins and exhibit us because of our beauty." said Mrs. Mourning Cloak, "so we do not die in vain." creamery. I help page to separate the milk and I help my mother to dry the separator things.

We have a calf three months old and
I feed him every morning, before I
go to school, and evenings when I

ome home. We have 75 hens and 20 pigeons. We have 4 pigs, two white ones and two black and white ones. I must close with best wishes to you and the Wide-Awakes.

MARGARET E. GRADY, Age 10. Scotland.

Likes the Country. Dear Uncle Jed: I am a little girl eleven years old. I was born and brought up in the city and moved to

not die in valn."

"We're out of style, flight worn and winter poor." said Mrs. Mourning the Cloak; "neither fit to eat nor to exhibit."

reading, language, arithmetic, writing, geography, history and spelling.

I like my teacher very much,

HELEN M. WEEDER.

Doris Plays Getting Dinner. Dear Uncle Jed: I have been read-ing the letters and stories in "The Wide Awake Circle," and I thought

Wide Awake Circle, and I slought that I would write.

I live in Stafford Springs. It is noted for its mineral water. People come here from far and near to drink it. It is sent out of town to a great many places.

Now I will tell you of one of the great impost that we have had at home. Now I will tell you of blace of the good times that we have had at home lately. My brother Percy built a fire-place of blocks and stones. Then we built a fire in it. We have pine trees in our yard, so we can burn the pine cones. When we get the fire agoing we put a stick across with a pail of water on it. When the water tets hot we make believe get dinner, Wouldn't you like to have some of our

dinner with us? DORIS C. PARKHURST, Age 11. Stafford Springs.

Picnic in the Woods. Dear Uncle Jed: I am writing to tell you how we boys enjoyed a picni clast fall. We started early in the morning for the woods which was about a mile away. For a couple of hours we gath-

it with stones, then we started a fire with dead branches and twigs to heat the oven for our potatoes. In another fireplace we burned cones to heat our coffee and in still another we boiled water for our frankfurters. When all was ready we spread a tablecleth on the green grass and on this we put our ham and pota-toes, bread, cake, coffee and frankfur-

ers, and such a jolly feast as we all Then we raked all the coals from fires together and roasted our After three rousing cheers we went home to make our plans for another plenic next fall,

Alfred's Pets.

JOSEPH KEENAN, Age 12.

Dear Uncle Jed; 1 am a farmer boy and 1 am going to tell you about our We have ten cows and one small We have two gray horses which are very gentle, and I go down to the barn to see them every day, and once in a while I help my brother feed them. I have four hens and one rooster and am building a small coop for them. I have two white pigeons and one

black one.
I have a dow named Buster and a cat whose name is Petc.
ALFRED BECKWITH, Age 12. She Slept at Idlewild.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about my visit to Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, in New York state.

I saw the house that the poet Willis owned, and I slept in it. It is in sight of the Hudson river.

I saw several ships sail up and down I saw several snips sail up and nown the river.

Right across the river were mountains, and at night the lights on the mountains and those of the ships were very preity. The estate is called "idlewild."

dog was a favorite of the children of Idlewild. This dog had been with Dr Kane when he was trying to discover the North Pole.

There was a clubhouse not far from the house. In it was a stuffed black bear and a large moose. There was also a stuffed peacock. This bird was kept on the place when it was alive. On the wells hung cances and many

I also saw the grave of a dog. The

On the walls hung canoes and many other Indian things.

JESSIE I., PREHANT, Age 16.

Locust Valley, L. I., N. Y. Training Two Little Kittens. Dear Uncle Jed: Where I was visit-ag a few weeks ago they had two lithe kittens: One kitten was gray and he other was tiger color. We taught hem how to go up and down stairs and to walk on the pipe down cellar. Ve had fine fun doing it. DSEPHINE HOLDROOK, Age 10.

The First Time She Ever Cooked. Dear Uncle Jed: Now I am going o tell you about the first time I ever cooked anything.

One day my mother and father went away and stayed over night. I had to help my sister get the supper. I peeled the potatoes and set them on the stove to cook, made a good fire and then went outside. It was the first

During Change of Life-How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her a Well Woman.

Iola, Kansas.-"During the Change of Life I was sick for two years. Before I took your medicine I could not bear the weight of my clothes and was bloated very badly. Idoctored with three 9 3 doctors but they did me no good. They said nature must have its way. My

sister advised me to

和 take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I purchased a bottle. Before it was gone the bloating left me and I was not so sore. I continued taking it until I had taken twelve bottles. Now I am stronger than I have been for years and can do all my work, even the washing. Your medicine is worth its weight in gold. I cannot praise it enough. If more women would take your medicine there would be more healthy women. You may use this letter for the good of others."-Mrs. D.

H. Brown, 809 N. Walnut St., Iola, Kan. Change of Life is one of the most critical periods of a woman's existence. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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Market St. Tel.706-2 time, and I hadn't put enough water in the pot.

When I came in from outside I looked to see if the potatoes were cooked and found there wasn't any water is be pot, but the potatoes were cooked. They would have burned had I not

ome. I shall never forget again.
I think I can get supper all alone now. IRENE GODUE, Age 13. Scotland.

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